THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 23, 1801.

ANECDOTE *of the* EARL *of* STAIR.

WHEN the Earl of Stair was Ambaſſador at the Court of France, immediately after the acceſſion of his late Majeſty to the Crown, his excellency made a moſt ſplendid appearance, and being naturally inclined to gallantry and expence, ſoon became a great favourite with the ladies there, by whoſe intrigues he was enabled to diſcover ſecrets which otherwiſe might have eſcaped the penetration of the moſt vigilant and ſagacious miniſter. In the management of the ladies, whoſe favour he courted, he was forced to obſerve the greateſt delicacy; play, he perceived, was their predominant paſſion, and as he was equally inclined to that amuſement, he eaſily obtained, by means of cards, many private amuſements, in which he could not have indulged on any other pretence. The Ducheſs of Maine was one of thoſe illuſtrious perſonages whom the Earl took moſt pains to engage in his intereſt. She was paſſionately fond of play; of an inquiſitive and buſy temper; of vaſt capacity, and of a diſcernment ſo quick that it was no eaſy matter to impoſe upon her; ſhe was among the number of ladies too that affected to pry into the affairs of the cabinet, and who gained an aſcendancy over the then Regent, ſo far as not to be altogether ignorant of the moſt ſecret tranſactions of ſtate. His Excellency, by loſing large ſums with this lady, and paying her the moſt particular reſpect, had inſenſibly worked upon her affections, but had not reaped the leaſt advantage from her in point of politics, till an accident happened that brought about in an inſtant what

he had long laboured at in vain. Being engaged as her partner in play, the run of luck turned againſt them, and the Ducheſs in the end was obliged to borrow of the Earl a thouſand piſtoles. His Excellency told her, he had twice that ſum at her Highneſs's ſervice, and preſſed her to continue play, which ſhe abſolutely refuſed. Next morning early, ſhe ſent a meſſage to the Earl, deſiring inſtantly to ſpeak with him. It is no unuſual thing in France for ladies to receive morning viſits from gentlemen in bed; neither was the Ambaſſador at all ſurpriſed when he found himſelf alone in the chamber of one of the Princeſſes of the blood-royal; ſhe ſpoke of the money ſhe had borrowed with ſome concern, as a matter ſhe was very unwilling ſhould take air; but his Lordſhip interrupted her, by ſaying, it was impoſſible it ſhould, for he had already forgot it himſelf, and ſhould never have recollected it again, had not her Highneſs put his memory to the rack by refreſhing it.

Her Highneſs made no reply, but entered into a diſcourſe on politics, in which ſhe diſcovered to him the project that the Court of Sweden was then meditating, in concern with France, for a deſcent upon England and Scotland, in favour of the Houſe of Stuart, by which timely diſcovery the whole ſcheme was defeated, and his Excellency acquired the reputation of an able and active Miniſter.

Exemplary Friendſhip of two Maiden Ladies.

TWO old maiden ladies, Mrs. Jane Hewitt and Mrs. Honor Danwell, were lately buried in the ſame grave in Forton church-yard, at the eaſtern end of the church, cloſe by the door of entrance. Theſe two ladies have diſtinguiſhed themſelves (not as ſome may ſuppoſe) by the ſingularity and oddity of their lives, but by an almoſt unprecedented example of ſincere and affectionate friendſhip. They were no relations by birth or family alliance, but became acquainted very early in their youth, and their youth was ſucceeded by a ſtrong and inviolable attachment to each other. When they became poſſeſſed of their reſpective fortunes and ſettled in the world, they made the ſame dwelling their common home in the town of Newport, Shropſhire; where they lived together in the ſtricteſt amity and friendſhip with each other, charitable to the poor, and much reſpected by the whole circle of their acquaintance, between forty and fifty years. During ſome part of this long period, they experienced a reverſe

verſe of fortune in the loſs of a conſiderable ſum of money which they had placed in the hands of ſome gentleman who became a bankrupt. Their loſs was very unequal, the one having loſt a great part of her all, while the other experienced but a ſmall reduction; however, this unequal change in their circumſtances produced no alteration in their diſpoſitions towards each other, but, if poſſible, was a ſtronger bond of union. When their fortunes were thus unhappily reduced, they perceived that, in caſe of the death of either, the ſurvivor would be too much confined by the mere income of her own property: to prevent this, each made her will, in which ſhe bequeathed the intereſt of her all to the benefit of the ſurvivor, at whoſe death it was to be diſtributed among each one's reſpective relations.

Their laſt bed of ſickneſs exhibited a ſcene truly affecting and intereſting to the feeling of every tender heart. She that was firſt taken ill had the misfortune of breaking her leg, when both were confined: each perceived that the awful exit of one, if not both, was approaching; and, as long as ſtrength would permit, ſhe that was moſt able went every day into the room of her friend to take a final adieu! and when her ſtrength was exhauſted ſhe was carried by the attendants. At theſe affecting interviews they bathed each other's hands in tears, and expreſſed an heart-felt wiſh that it might pleaſe God to permit them ſoon to meet again in the glorious fields of eternity. Heaven ſmiled, and heard the pious prayer; and that angel that ſnatched away the ſoul of her that firſt departed, was a few hours afterwards diſpatched to releaſe the ſtruggling ſoul of her abſent friend, and to re-unite them in bonds of love for ever!

ACCOUNT *of a* FEMALE SWINDLER.

A Perſon of this deſcription reſided lately at Blackheath, where ſhe had the addreſs to defraud various tradeſmen of property to the amount of upwards of 20,000l. This impoſtor had a boarding-ſchool on Croome's-hill two years, during which time ſhe repreſented herſelf as heireſs to ſeveral large eſtates, particularly to that of an uncle in Scotland, on whoſe demiſe ſhe ſhould come into poſſeſſion of 100,000l. Under the impreſſion of theſe high ſounding appearances, ſhe aſſumed all the conſequence attached to birth, fortune, and expectations; and, from her manner of addreſs, and her lofty ſtile, the people in the neighbourhood of Blackheath and

Greenwich really believed every thing ſhe thought proper to advance. In May laſt ſhe ſent to a Mr. Creaſy, of Greenwich, a man of property, by trade a currier, whom ſhe informed that her uncle Alexander Stuart Robertſon, of Faſcally, was dead, and begged he would accompany her to a reſpectable attorney, in Crane-court, Fleet-ſtreet, to arrange matters preparatory to her taking poſſeſſion. Mr. Creaſy complied, and went with her to the gentleman's houſe in queſtion; Miſs Robertſon, in ſtating the buſineſs to the attorney, deſired he would make out a factory (the uſual proceſs for conveying Scotch property) for 1600l. a year on the eſtate of her late uncle, Alexander Stuart Robertſon, of Faſcally, and a bond for 5000l. to be drawn on the agent who had the ſuperintendance of the eſtate, and who ſhe ſaid had been appointed to receive her rents. A few days after this tranſaction, ſhe again ſent to Mr. Creaſy, and knowing him to be a man of property, aſked him to lend her two thouſand pounds, until the ſettlement of her affairs at Faſcally. Mr. Creaſy, not having the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion of any part of what had been advanced being untrue, readily complied, and likewiſe recommended her to all the tradeſpeople of the town. Deſirous of an elegant houſe, ſhe fixed upon a very handſome one in the Paragon, which was in an unfiniſhed ſtate: this houſe ſhe purchaſed on credit; and, through the recommendation of Mr. Creaſy, engaged bricklayers, carpenters, and painters, to finiſh the premiſes in the moſt expenſive ſtile imaginable; and ordered Mr. Driver, the nurſeryman, to ſpare no expence in planting the ſhrubberies, and improving the pleaſure-grounds. While theſe improvements were going forward, Miſs Robertſon ſet up three carriages; a coach, ſociable, and poſt-chariot; and while the houſe and grounds were finiſhing, ſhe and Miſs Sharp (who lived with her), continued at Croome's-hill, from whence they made frequent excurſions to London; the latter end of June they ſet off for Brighton, where they figured away with four horſes and out-riders. The horſes they had on job from a ſtable-keeper at Greenwich, and the carriages from different coachmakers in London.

On their return in Auguſt laſt, Miſs Robertſon went to Hatchett's, and deſired him to make her an elegant chariot, with ſilver mouldings, and raiſed coronets of the ſame. Mr. Hatchett treated his cuſtomer with much reſpect, and haſtened to complete the order by the time promiſed, the Queen's birth-day, her couſin, Mr. Secretary Dundas, intending on that day to introduce her at Court. About this

time

time the houſe was finiſhed, but not furniſhed: having heard that Mr. Oakley, in Bond-ſtreet, was remarkable for the elegance of his ware-rooms, ſhe applied to him, through the medium of a man of reſpectability at Blackheath, and, from the repreſentations made to Mr. Oakley, he agreed to furniſh the houſe for 4000l. Things then went on in a very flouriſhing way; the drawing-rooms were painted in water colours by one of the firſt artiſts in the kingdom; the walls in landſcape, and the cieling compoſed of clouds, and appropriate devices.—The looking-glaſſes, to the floor, were in burniſhed gold-frames, richly carved, with ſtatuary marble ſlabs, and or molu ornaments.—Theſe ſix mirrors came to 1100l. On the marble ſlabs in the principal drawing-room were placed a pair of Egyptian candelabras, the price of which was 200 guineas; the principal bed was 500l. and every other article equally magnificent.

During the three months that the furniſhing of the houſe was going forward, Mr. Oakley had frequent conferences with his employer, Miſs Robertſon, when ſhe frequently mentioned that ſhe had great expectations from rich relations in India, and was continually receiving preſents of great value. Among the number lately arrived, was a chimney-piece, then lying at the India-houſe, worth, in that country, 1100l. and added, that it was her intention to build a room on purpoſe to erect it in, adapted for balls or muſic. Mr. Oakley not being perfectly ſatisfied with appearances, requeſted, when half the order had been completed the ſum of 1000l. Miſs Robertſon felt herſelf hurt, and ſaid, if he had any doubts of his having his money when her affairs were ſettled at Faſcally, he might apply to her ſiſter Lady Paget, or to her couſin the Biſhop of London. "If you have any further doubts (added Miſs Robertſon), apply to Sir Richard Hill, who has known me from infancy. Sir Edward Law (the preſent Attorney-General) can ſpeak to my reſpectability." From theſe bold aſſertions Mr. Oakley proceeded with the order, but when nearly completed he judged it proper to wait upon the Biſhop of London and Sir Richard Hill; both thoſe gentlemen ſaid they had no farther knowledge of a Miſs Robertſon, than by a card, which a perſon of that name had been in the habit of leaving at the houſes of perſons of diſtinction.

Upon this diſcovery, in February laſt, Mr. Oakley took out a writ, and with proper officers, his own men, and ſeveral carts, went down to Blackheath, and laid in wait till nine o'clock (being informed that Miſs Robertſon dined out), when

when the carriage came home, but no Miſs Robertſon. From this circumſtance it appeared that ſhe had received intimation of what was going forward, and would not return. Mr. Oakley, finding he could not take the body, contrived to get into the houſe, and let in his men, who diſrobed the manſion of its furniture by ſix o'clock the next morning, having worked hard all night. At nine o'clock in the morning came in an execution, under virtue of which the remaining part of the property was ſold by auction on the premiſes.

No diſcovery has yet been made as to the place of reſidence of this ſwindler. Mr. Pearce, haberdaſher, of St. Paul's Church-yard, met her a few days ago in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, dreſſed in man's clothes and boots, with Miſs Sharp leaning on her arm.—The following perſons have been defrauded to a large amount:—At Greenwich the carpenter of 1400l. the bricklayer of 900l. the painter and glazier of 700l. the ſtable-keeper, who lent the horſes, of 300l. The nurſeryman, for lawns and pleaſure-grounds, of 400l. Meſſrs. Clark, of Fleet-ſtreet, ſilverſmiths, a ſuperb ſide-board of plate. Meſſrs. Ord and Morris, and Mr. Pearce, of St. Paul's Church-yard, are among the number of defrauded. A milliner in Bond-ſtreet, for dreſſes and laces, of 260l.

This female Proteus had pretended to great ſanctity in religion, was a devotee, and attended ſeveral Preſbyterian and other meetings, where ſhe worked upon the Chriſtian bowels of the compaſſionate and liberal, by borrowing money in the way of loan, repreſenting herſelf as a perſon of family in diſtreſſed circumſtances. In perſon ſhe is plain, much marked by the ſmall-pox, about five feet two inches in height, inſinuating in her manners, and ſpeaks in an elevated tone of voice.

Particulars of the Capture of the Kent Eaſt-Indiaman.

[From the India Telegraph, of October 18, 1800.]

ON Sunday laſt accounts were received in town [Calcutta] of the capture of the Hon. Company's ſhip Kent, Captain Rivington, after an engagement of conſiderable duration with the Conſiance, Captain Surcouff, off the Sand Heads. The following particulars we have copied from the Mirror.

On Tueſday morning the 7th inſtant, at day-light, a ſtrange ſail was diſcovered in the N. W. quarter; the Kent at that

time was lying-to for a pilot, and Captain Rivington, conceiving the veſſel in ſight to be a pilot ſchooner, immediately bore down, hoiſted his colours, and made the ſignal for a pilot; the ſtranger upon this made ſail and hauled up towards the Kent; it was ſoon after diſcovered that ſhe was an enemy's ſhip; the hands were called to quarters, and the ſhip prepared for action; upon her approach to the Kent, as ſhe ſhewed no colours, a ſhot was fired at her from the larboard ſide, which was followed up, as ſhe paſſed upon the oppoſite tack, by a broadſide, and a conſtant fire kept up while ſhe was within reach of the guns: The privateer, for it was now aſcertained to be ſo, ſoon afterwards tacked, came up on the larboard ſide, and commenced the engagement within about muſket-ſhot, but without doing much injury, although ſhe continued in this poſition for ſome time. She then ſhot a head, and paſſing round the bow of the Kent, renewed the engagement on the other ſide, nearly at the ſame diſtance and for the ſame length of time, but with as little effect as before. She afterwards made ſail a-head, as if with the intention of relinquiſhing the attack and making off, which ſhe could eaſily have done, having greatly the ſuperiority in ſailing: when ſhe had got about the diſtance of half a mile a-head of the Kent, ſhe was, however, obſerved to haul her main-ſail up, and wear round immediately towards her, and in about ten or fifteen minutes afterwards, or as ſoon as her guns would bear, ſhe, for the firſt time, hoiſted the national colours, (Sourcoff afterwards declared that he had forgot them before,) and fired a broadſide and a volley of muſketry from every part of the ſhip, which was immediately returned by the Kent, and continued while her guns would bear; the privateer then wearing round her ſtern, ranged cloſe up alongſide, and received a full diſcharge from the Kent's ſtarboard guns; at this moment ſhe fired a whole broadſide, and threw a number of hand-grenades from her tops into the Kent, ſome of which penetrated the upper-deck and burſt on the gun-deck; at the ſame time a fire of muſketry was kept up from her tops, which killed and wounded a number of the paſſengers and recruits that were on the quarter-deck and poop; when the ſhips were completely locked with each other, Capt. Sourcouff entered at the head of about 150 men, completely armed for boarding, having each a ſabre and a brace of piſtols: the conteſt upon deck was now deſperate, and laſted for about 20 minutes; but the enemy, having greatly the ſuperiority, both in numbers and arms, were victorious, and a dreadful carnage enſued, they ſhewing

no

no quarter to any who came in their way, whether with or without arms; and ſuch was their ſavage cruelty, that they even ſtabbed ſome of the ſick in bed.

Upon gaining poſſeſſion of the poop, the French immediately cut down the colours, and ſoon after this had complete poſſeſſion of the ſhip.

Captain Sourcouff, finding ſome inclination in his crew to board, had been under the neceſſity of plying them ſeveral times with liquor, as well as to promiſe them an hour's pillage, in the event of carrying the ſhip, and this time they completely occupied, breaking open every package they could come at, and even taking the coats, hats, ſhoes, &c. from the perſons of the officers and paſſengers.

From the commencement of the action until the French were in poſſeſſion of the ſhip, was about an hour and forty-ſeven minutes, and from the gallant manner in which the officers and crew of the Kent behaved while the ſhips were clear of each other, there is no doubt but ſhe would have overcome the privateer; but there being a very great deficiency of ſmall arms, they had no means of repelling ſuch a number of boarders, ſo well prepared for cloſe action, and Captain Sourcouff acknowledged that had he not ſucceeded in carrying her, his own ſhip muſt ſoon have ſunk alongſide.

It is with extreme regret we add, that Captain Rivington, after the moſt manly conduct in the defence of his ſhip, fell by the muſquetry from the tops of the privateer, while Sourcouff was in the act of boarding.

In the afternoon the officers, paſſengers, and crew of the Kent were ſent on board an Arab veſſel, which hove in ſight, and which had been plundered by the privateer the day before. Some of the ſeamen were, however, detained on board the privateer, and put in irons, with the hopes of inducing them to enter.—The chief officer, ſurgeon, and ſurgeon's mate, with about 13 of the moſt dangerouſly wounded, were detained on board the Kent, under pretence of its requiring too much time to remove them.

Although the prize-maſter informed the unfortunate people who were ſent on board the Arab, that there was abundance of proviſions and water, yet upon enquiry there was found only a very ſmall quantity of rain water, ſcarcely equal to half a pint each per day, for four days, with a few dates and raw rice to ſubſiſt on, and they were conſequently reduced to the utmoſt diſtreſs before they were relieved by one of the pilot ſchooners which they met in the roads.

Deſcription of Valenciennes, ſome French Villages, and Chantilly.

[From Jones's Tranſlation of Bygg's Travels in the French Republic.]

VALENCIENNES is the firſt ſtage in Old France. I came in on that ſide which was attacked by the Auſtrians. In the part near the rampart, whole ſtreets and lanes have been demoliſhed, ſome have been levelled to the ground, and others burnt. They have not made the leaſt attempt, ſince the ſiege, to build or repair them. Copenhagen has been more fortunate in this reſpect, The third part of that city was conſumed by fire, and in leſs than three years the whole was rebuilt on an extenſive and improved plan, far ſuperior to the former. Fire-engines are found to be of great uſe in Denmark, even in villages. I am not certain that fire-engines are uſed in France, or in what manner they are regulated and kept up, ſince the revolution.

The French villages will loſe by compariſon, in the eye of the traveller, who has juſt paſſed through the neat and handſome ones of the Netherlands. The firſt moment you ſet your foot in the environs of Valenciennes, you are encircled with a hoſt of beggars, ſo importunate, that they rather demand than ſolicit charity. It ſeems that, ſhortly after the revolution, a number of youth, of both ſexes, engaged in the manufactures, were thrown out of employment, and reduced to the neceſſity of living on the caſual bounty of travellers.

In order to ſhow my paſs, it was neceſſary that I ſhould go to the municipality, and thence to the police-officer *(bureau de police)*. As theſe two did not ſit at the ſame time of the day, I went to the houſe of one of the municipal officers, a ſhoemaker, whom I found at work in his ſhop. He did not detain me a moment, when I ſhowed him the paſs I had from the French Miniſter in Copenhagen. On ſhowing him the royal Daniſh paſs, he ſhook his head; as much as to ſay, that is of no uſe. His dreſs was not very fine, and yet he was the chief of the municipality. In all the other towns, in which there were barriers or turnpikes, I was only deſired to ſhow my paſs, which the officer never took out of my hands; but this was not the caſe in fortified or garriſoned places, where they examine them very attentively. Formerly they expected a ſmall *douceur* on theſe occaſions, which was ſtrictly forbidden by the laſt French proclamation; *rien*

de votre généroſité. I am told they were very well ſatisfied with ten or twelve ſous.

It is not very far from Valenciennes to Frejus, where the French gained a very remarkable victory. Here I ſaw a ſmall monument, erected to the memory of General Dampierre. Douay lies farther off; a ſevere battle was fought there in the reign of Louis XIV.; and the French, in order to perpetuate that day, raiſed a monument on the road ſide, which conſiſted of a ſquare pyramid, about thirty feet high, inſerted in a ſquare pedeſtal, ornamented with pyramids of marble, in *bas relief*, with inſcriptions on each ſide. The pyramid is now ſtripped of all theſe ornaments, which were broken down and carried away. Some ſay that this was done by the Imperialiſts, who could not bear that the defeat of their anceſtors ſhould be thus held out to the view of every paſſenger. But others impute the dilapidation to Jacobins and terroriſts, who did wiſh that even the ſplendid exploits of their forefathers, under a monarch, ſhould not be tranſmitted to poſterity.

The French villages are inferior, in almoſt every reſpect, to thoſe of Belgium. Moſt of the houſes are built of common clay, and the little furniture betrays evident marks of poverty. Some of them, however, exhibit appearances of proſperity and eaſe. Beſides common corn, clover, horſe-beans, and walnuts are produced in abundance, from the kernels of which laſt they expreſs oil.

I ſaw a great number of boys and girls in the fields, gathering in the harveſt; which led me to conclude, that thoſe who ought to have been employed in that taſk, were called to the field of battle. I obſerved that three-wheeled cars, or carts, were uſed inſtead of four-wheeled ones, which in general are very large, and ſometimes require from two to four, and even ſix, to draw them; whilſt one or two horſes will pull a greater load in the former. But I muſt declare, that in no country with which I am acquainted, are the poor working horſes treated with greater cruelty than in France. There can be no doubt, that, where the ground is even, and the roads good, theſe three-wheeled waggons, or carts, ought to be preferred to thoſe with four wheels.

The roads in this part of France are paved, like thoſe of Belgium. Some of them, however, are better than the highways in that country: though there are many hollows and rough parts in ſeveral places, and although the tolls are very high, all idea of repairing them ſeems to have been abandoned ſince the revolution.

Bouchain

Bouchain is a very ſtrong fortification; for, by means of the well-placed and finely conſtructed ſluices, the greateſt part of the adjoining country can be inundated at pleaſure: ſo that it would be very difficult to beſiege or take this fortreſs, if well ſupplied with proviſions. As to the town itſelf, its mean buildings have fallen into ruins: the inhabitants ſeem to ſhare the ſame fate, for you meet with poverty in every quarter of it. Along the whole tract from Valenciennes to Paris there is a ſtratum of chalk-ſtone, which is uſed in decorating the caſt frames of the windows, doors, and gates; and, as you approach the capital, you meet with ſome houſes built entirely with this ſtone inſtead of bricks.

Cambray is well fortified, and is furniſhed with a citadel. The city is well built, neat, and clean. Throughout the whole, you ſee the remains of wealth and proſperity, for which, no doubt, it is indebted to its famous manufactories of cambric. From Cambray the road runs through Bonavia, Fins, Peronne (which is fortified), Marche le Pot, Fonches, Roye, Conchy les Pots, Carilly, Gournay, Bois le Liheu, and Pont St. Maxenze.

The French ports are under very proper regulations. The horſes belong to the poſt-maſters themſelves, ſome of them have near 120, a number of which are always in the ſtable; ſo that you are not detained a moment. The poſt-boy rides on one of the horſes, and goes at a ſmart trot over heights and hollows, rough places and ſmooth; and it is in vain either to entreat him to quicken or ſlacken his pace. This road is a great thoroughfare for carriages of every kind, and at every poſt-houſe there is a blackſmith's ſhop. As ſoon as you ſtop, the ſons of Vulcan come out, and inquire if their aſſiſtance is wanted. The iron axle of my carriage happening to be broken by a ſtone on my way to Pont Maxenze—they were glad to hear of it, took it out, welded it together, and in about two hours I was enabled to reſume my journey. They aſked a louis-d'or, which was not unreaſonable; and it was ſo well done, that it has not failed ſince.

From Pont Maxenze I preferred the road round Chantilly. Here I travelled through a fine grove of oak and beech, with much underwood of forward growth. This narrow way is bordered with lofty trees, whoſe ſpreading branches form the moſt agreeable and grateful ſhade, eſpecially from the noon-tide ſun.

Chantilly belonged to the Prince of Condé, and is well known for the beauty of its architecture, and the enchanting walks and plantations, parks and pleaſure-grounds around it.

The Jacobins have nearly demoliſhed the fine park walls, and cut down the trees which ſhaded the walls. All the internal decorations of the caſtle, the paintings, looking-glaſſes, tapeſtry, the valuable cabinet of natural hiſtory, library and all, were plundered; ſo that the empty ſhell is all that remain of its former ſplendour. The mob cut and carried off the heads and arms of the ſtatues, which the Prince had been ſo many years in collecting. In many of the rooms are yet to be ſeen part of the ſmall cells, in which thoſe who were doomed to the guillotine were immured, during the bloody reign of the terroriſts.

The roads begin to improve, as you approach Paris. The ſucceſſive proſpects on every ſide ſeem to vie with each other in richneſs and variety: they ſurpaſs whatever imagination can conceive. The mildneſs of the climate, groups of vineyards, highly cultivated orchards and kitchen-gardens, all contribute to render the ſcene delightful; and peaches, apples, pears, plumbs, cherries, and walnut-trees, flouriſh in the open fields in the greateſt abundance.

From Chantilly I travelled through Luſarche, Echouen, and St. Denis, and arrived at Paris in the afternoon of the 19th of Auguſt.

Going-a-Neighbouring—a Norfolk Cuſtom.

[From Pratt's 2d Volume of Gleanings in England.]

THE Gleaner returning to his lodgings at Cromer in Norfolk, from an afternoon's walk, obſerved four perſons, not including the family, were aſſembled there on the moſt familiar footing—" Yet I was ſtruck with the ſingularity of three tea-pots, with as many ſugar baſons and plates of bread and butter placed on the table. Waiting the unfolding of this little myſtery, I ſaw the three tea-pots regularly filled and emptied, the bread and butter handed about, and the ſugar diſpenſed liberally; but the four viſiters oddly ſplit into pairs, were ſeated in a kind of detached way, each ſerving the other from their *own* ſtores without any aſſiſtance from the people of the houſe, who only attended to themſelves without taking the ſmalleſt notice of their gueſts, as to the honours of the tea-table, while the moſt perfect good humour, gay chat, and harmleſs merriment, pervaded the circle. My curioſity kindled, yet I forbore inquiry. The three diviſions continued in this ſociably unſociable way, till the repaſt was

finiſhed, without one exchange of the cuſtomary civilities from hoſteſs or viſitants as to "taking another cup"—"I fear your tea is not to your liking?" &c. &c. &c.—an etiquette of the tea-table inſtituted as early as the tea-table itſelf, and forming indeed part of the equipage. The viſiters nevertheleſs did juſt put theſe queſtions to their own party, and the viſited were civil enough—to themſelves.

"And what is the meaning of all this? to mine hoſteſs queried I, when opportunity favoured.—"Lack a day! Sir," replied ſhe, ſmiling, "have you yet to aſk me what that means? we call it, *going a neighbouring*."

"The middle and lower ranks of people in this country, and in ſome others, continue a practice, of making an afternoon viſit to each other's houſes on as ſocial and as little ſelfiſh a purpoſe as poſſible. The viſiter-neighbour takes to the neighbour viſited a few lumps of ſugar, a pat of butter, a ſmall loaf, and a little tea nipped up in paper, to the intent of uniting economy with friendſhip. "You, neighbour have the fire to-day; I to-morrow." This is chiefly in ſummer, as each muſt have her fire in the colder part of the year; ſo that the warmth of friendſhip may not ſeem to have ſo much to do, as the heat of the fire to boil the water; yet between the two diſcordant elements much ſocial harmony is produced, inaſmuch as it promotes good-will amongſt neighbours. "It is a practice honoured in the obſervance."—It brings the inhabitants of a ſmall place, and all their concerns, under one point of view; by which means the goſſip's tale, which is ſaid to be part of the tea equipage, is maimed of its miſchief; becauſe where friends and enemies meet together, there will be found, if not an *equal quantity* of antidote, at leaſt enough to counteract in general the baneful quality of the poiſon. It has been my good fortune to hear and ſee this exemplified at the little aſſembly I have juſt left.

ON PUNNING.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

IT is in vain that I have endeavoured to ſearch into the annals of kingdoms for the effects of *punning*. It does not appear to have been the inſtrument of revolutions; it has not added to the catalogue of wars; no King ever ruled the better or the worſe for want of a pun; it contributed nothing to diſpel the darkneſs of the middle ages; it ſupported not the efforts of the firſt reformers, nor can it be truly ſaid that

it

it has added to the genius, the taſte and liberality of the moſt poliſhed times. Uſeleſs in all theſe reſpects, Punning has feeble claims on public attention, and much cannot be expected from an elaborate diſcuſſion of the ſubject.

Yet among the ancients I can find a tendency to punning. When Plato heard an eminent citizen, one Leo *(lion)* loud and immoderate in his clamours in the ſenate, he ſaid, "this is to be a lion indeed"—a pun not of the very beſt kind, for many better are to be found in the writings of the ancients, could any one be prevailed upon to overlook their taſte, their morality, their fine language, and only ſeek for their puns. —Our own day and time, however, is moſt diſtinguiſhable for punning. I need not inform my readers that the laſt and preceding centuries have left us ſome famous punſters of all profeſſions, law, phyſic, and divinity. But the preſent century has the merit of having produced the greateſt punſter the world ever ſaw. Need I add his name? Every friend to punning muſt recollect his great patron, the Dean of St. Patrick's.

Other punſters *practiſed* the art only. Swift wrote upon it, and reduced it to a ſyſtem; he united profeſſion with practice, and no man ought to be deemed a legitimate punſter who has not made himſelf maſter of the Dean's writings on this ſubject. One treatiſe I in particular recommend, withing only he had given it another title, "God's Revenge againſt Punning. Shewing the miſerable fate of perſons addicted to this crying ſin, in court and town,"—and his "Rules for Punning," which are to be found in his poſthumous works. I have, indeed, long had an intention of improving on the former treatiſe, by giving to the world in three or four volumes, "the Lives of eminent Punſters," having been perſonally acquainted with ſeveral of the moſt famous of the preſent time; but as ſome of their lives are not in any ſenſe finiſhed, I muſt poſtpone my intentions to ſome future period, and in the mean time content myſelf with collecting materials for this great biographical work. A ſhort ſketch of the contents of one of my lives will ſhow the plan. "Of A. B. a notorious punſter.—Of his education, and how he punned at ſchool—Is ſent to the univerſity, and puns there—Takes a journey to London, and how he is introduced among the punſters of the inns of court—Viſits the continent, and learns to make puns in foreign languages—Of his death and dying puns, &c."

Although punning be ſo general that no ſex or profeſſion are free from it, yet we find that there are ſome perſons ſo

peculiarly formed by nature as to be incapable of giving or receiving a pun. Servants, generally ſpeaking, are not punſters; your very great men are above it; and your money-making men finding by calculation that a pun will fetch nothing, appear not to be ſuſceptible of punning. But on the other hand, we ſee many hundreds in whom punning is ſo natural that we are inclined to think it ariſes from ſomething in the conſtitution. If I might be permitted from experience to advance a theory on this ſubject, I would venture, though at ſome riſk of reputation in medical knowledge, to aſſert, that "punning is a natural diſcharge of a certain matter which ſuddenly riſing and fermenting in the brain would produce a diſorder, were it not ſpeedily expelled." This is my theory of punning, and I think it may be confirmed by the following obſervations.

No man can keep in a *pun* without much uneaſineſs, and the head that is much oppreſſed with puns muſt have ſome vent. What would a lady in grief do if it were not for *tears?* The ſame uſe, I take it, is ſerved by punning. Indeed, a few nights ago, a lady of my acquaintance, very ſubject to puns, was ſuddenly ſeized with an excellent one, but not having an opportunity of diſcharging it, fell into hyſterics, as I thought, but ſhe candidly informed me that this was only the effect of a pent-up pun. I recommended ſome *Hollands*, but ſhe anſwered, "ſhe was not yet put to her *ſhifts*."

Many perſons ſuffer very much by endeavouring to ſtop natural diſcharges; and we know that when perſpiration is ſuddenly obſtructed by our coming out of a warm room into the cold air, the conſequences may be very dangerous. An obſtructed pun, if no relief be at hand, is likewiſe attended with very bad conſequences, for it is an affection ſo connected with the animal ſpirits, that thoſe perſons whoſe puns have been ſtopt, have frequently been dull, diſcontented, and ſtupid for a whole evening. Tom Quibble, an old friend of mine, and an incurable punſter, takes care to procure a free diſcharge for his puns, bawling them out ſo vociferouſly, and with ſo little attention to good manners, that he ſometimes gives offence, and a gentleman lately told him very reſpectfully that it was the deſire of the company he "ſhould not *let* another pun that night."—All this, however, ſhows that there is ſomething in punning which, to ſay the leaſt, cannot be obſtructed without much difficulty.

Having ſtated that punning is a natural diſcharge, it follows that where that diſcharge is too great, ſome remedy ſhould be taken to keep it within due bounds. But in this,

I own,

I own, I have been diſappointed in every experiment. I have had ſeveral patients recommended to me in this diſorder, but, after long and repeated trials, have been obliged to diſmiſs them as incurable. Severe remedies are always improper, and it is a very difficult matter to get at the ſeat of the diſorder. Nay, what is worſe, many think the diſorder a credit to them, and when that is the caſe, we cannot be ſurpriſed if they refuſe to hear of a remedy. But a diſcuſſion of the medicines proper for this diſeaſe would lead me into a wide field, and although it might procure me the approbation of the regular faculty, I am afraid that with the parts affected I ſhould have only the reputation of a quack, for which reaſon I ſhall for the preſent wave the ſubject.

C.

A COUNTERFEIT DRAGON.

MR. Jacob Bobart, formerly botany-profeſſor, or keeper of the phyſic garden at Oxford, found a dead rat, to which, by altering its head and tail, and diſtending the ſkin on each ſide, by ſharp taper ſticks, to reſemble wings, he gave the appearance of the common picture of dragons. Having left it to dry hard, it was produced, and immediately pronounced by the learned to be a dragon. An accurate deſcription of this phænomenon was ſent by one of them to Dr. Magliabecchi, librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuſcany. Several fine copies of verſes were written in honour of ſo rare a production; till at length Mr. Bobart owned the cheat. The dragon was, however, depoſited as a maſter-piece of art, in the muſeum or anatomy-ſchool, where it remained many years.

ANCIENT FORM *of* OATHS.

THE ancient form of oaths in courts of juſtice, was ſo help me God and the Saints; the latter part was omitted at the reformation. In the time of Fitzherbert, the form was, ſo help me God and his Holy Dome. At the Council held at Thouloufe in 1229, the oath was by the ſoul of the city. The canons of the chapter of St. Stephen in France ſwear by the ſoul of the chapter.

BON MOT.

OUR *bon vivants* begin to be ſeriouſly alarmed at the progreſs of the French arms; and it might be admitted that theſe apprehenſions are not without reaſon. Should the enemy ſucceed in their deſigns upon Portugal, there is no doubt of our being deprived of our moſt favourite *port!*

Inſtances of extraordinary and ſevere Puniſhments.

THE moſt extraordinary puniſhment (ſays the late Hon. D. Barrington) which I remember to have met with, is mentioned by Morryſon, in his account of Germany:

"Neare Lindaw, I did ſee a malefactor hanging in iron chains on the gallowes, with a maſtive dogge hanging on each ſide by the heels, as, being nearly ſtarved, they might eat the fleſh of the malefactor before himſelf died by famine; and at Frankforde I did ſee the like puniſhment of a Jew."

This is not extraordinary, as ſome of the puniſhments in Germany are of ſo ſhocking and horrid a nature, that no one can be prevailed upon to accept the office, but he who by being the ſon of a hangman, is obliged to be trained up, and take upon himſelf the neceſſary employment. A murderer's head, in Germany, after execution, is placed in the ſame coffin with the perſon murdered, and buried at the ſame time.

Anſwer, by John Gidley, Jun. of Dean Prior, to P. Gove's Enigma, inſerted January 5.

THE letter A will certainly reveal
What you ſo well and cunningly conceal'd.

☞ Similar anſwers have been received from Primroſe, of Weſt Coker; J. Smith, of Exeter; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; Serjeant Whittle, of the Exminſter Volunteers; and J. Bulgin, of Caſtle Cary.

Anſwer, by W. England, of Lyme, to G. Andrews's Anagram, inſerted January 12.

TO GLEAN is to gather, which rightly tranſpoſed,
A beautiful ANGEL will then be diſclos'd.

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Taylor, of Bridgewater; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; J. Bulgin, Caſtle Cary; J. R. Toulmin; G. England, Uplyme; Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; W. B. of Poole; T. Webber, jun. and R. Sellick, jun. of Tiverton; J. Browne, of Coſſington; John Gidley, jun. of Deas Prior; T. Jarvis, of Malborough; W. Maddick, of Rattery; Philom. of Teingmouth; and J. H. of Plymouth-Dock.

A CHARADE, *by Egbert Moon, Exeter.*

A Warlike place, pray firſt explain,
Where many brave men have been ſlain;
When gloomy birds begin their flight
My fable next uſurps her right.

Ye ſkilful youths of Goadby's page,
One farthing to a crown I'll wage,
Long ere the hours my whole revolve
My hidden meaning you will ſolve.

An ENIGMA, *by J. Bulgin, of Caſtle Cary.*

WHEN nature did obey the Almighty call,
And roſe from nothing this ſtupendous ball,
The wiſe Creator then ordain'd my birth,
Within the dark receſſes of the earth.
For a long time I lay, ſecure from harm,
Nor dreaded I the tempeſt or the ſtorm,
'Till cruel man, lur'd by a thirſt of gain,
By chance my virtues did at length obtain;
Then drag'd me headlong from my native bed,
And hurl'd ten thouſand torments on my head.

To various ſhapes and uſes I am made,
As fancy pleaſes, or as ſuits the trade;
Some to the field of battle are conſign'd,
And ſpread dread ſlaughter there amongſt mankind.
At times ſome to old ocean's depth are ſent,
There to remain awhile, with calm content;
And by the artiſt's niceſt ſkill and care,
Some ſmooth as glaſs, and bright as gold appear;
The beggar and the prince my uſes own,
To poor and rich my qualities are known;
And eke, fair Delia! takes me in her hand,
With niceſt care to uſe me at command.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Lines on the Death of Ann Knight, who departed this Life in the 18th Year of her Age.

BEHOLD the roſe, fair ſummer's flow'r,
Awhile its varying charms diſplay,
Till ah! in ſome unthought of hour,
Its hues grow pale, its leaves decay.

In morn of life, and youthful bloom,
Ann's fleeting years, alas! how few,
Early ſhe met her deſtin'd bloom,
And bade this world a long adieu!

Oh ceaſe, ye mournful friends! to weep
That life's ſhort glaſs ſo ſoon is run;
And tho' in death's cold arms ſhe ſleep
Exclaim, "Thy will, O Lord! be done."

May angels guard her peaceful ſhade
To glorious realms of endleſs day,
In robes of pureſt white array'd,
And all her ſins be waſh'd away!

And O! may thoſe ſhe's left behind,
Partakers of her fleſh and blood,
Keep this important truth in mind,
"They too muſt ſhortly meet their God!"

And let it be our conſtant prayer,
That when we quit this hapleſs ſhore,
We all may meet our ſiſter there
When time itſelf ſhall be no more!

CONSTANTIUS.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ADDRESS *to* DOROTHEA.

OFT 'tis the poet's cuſtom to compare
The virgin's beauty to a bluſhing roſe;
Oft have they ſaid of a complexion fair,
'Tis fairer, whiter, than the drifted ſnows.

Alas! the beauteous Dorothea's charms
No flow'r that e'er in Eden's garden grew,
No lily that ſoft Tempe's climate warms,
No paint can rival of the brighteſt hue.

The

The curious flakes of whiteſt ſnow in vain
With the pure whiteneſs of her ſkin would vie;
Dropp'd on her boſom hear thoſe flakes complain,
See how with ſorrow they diſſolve and die.

O when Apelles pictur'd Venus' form,
Had fortune plac'd thy figure in his view,
No pencil then had dar'd its taſk perform,
No paint had dar'd in vain to rival you.

Or had it dar'd—all art would be excell'd
As now the ſubject does the verſe ſurpaſs,
And then would Dorothea have beheld
That Venus—as a diamond looks on braſs.

SCHOLASTICUS.

The VILLAGE MEETING *on a* SUNDAY.

[From the Farmer's Boy, by R. Bloomfield.]

NOR his alone the ſweets of eaſe to taſte,
Kind reſt extends to all ſave one poor beaſt,
That true to time and pace is doom'd to plod
To bring the paſtor to the houſe of God.
Mean ſtructure, where no bones of heroes lie,
The rude inelegance of poverty
Reigns here alone; elſe why that roof of ſtraw,
Theſe narrow windows, with the frequent flaw,
O'er whoſe low cells the dock and mallow ſpreads,
And rampant nettles lift their ſpiry heads,
Whilſt from the hollows of the tow'r on high,
The grey-capp'd daws in faucy legions fly.
Round theſe lone walls aſſembling neighbours meet,
And tread departed friends beneath their feet;
And new brier'd graves, that prompt the ſecret ſigh,
Show each the ſpot where he himſelf muſt lie.
'Midſt timely greetings village news goes round,
Of crops late ſhorn, or crops that deck the ground;
Experienc'd ploughmen in the circle join,
While ſturdy boys, in feats of ſtrength to ſhine,
With pride elate their young aſſociates brave,
To jump from hollow ſounding grave to grave;
Then cloſe conſulting, each his talent lends
To plan freſh ſports when tedious ſervice ends.

Hither at times, with cheerfulneſs of ſoul,
Sweet village maids from neighb'ring hamlets ſtroll,
That like the light-heel'd does o'er lawns that rove,
Look ſhyly curious, ripening into love;
For love's their errand, hence the tints that glow
On either cheek an heighten'd luſtre know,
When conſcious of their charms, ere age looks ſhy,
And rapture beams from youth's obſervant eye.

EPITAPH.

GRUDGE leaves the poor his whole poſſeſſions nearly:
He means his next of kin ſhall weep ſincerely.